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LITERARY EXAMINER.

Song for the Season.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Look out, look out, there are shadows about;
The forest is darkening its gloomy brow;
The willow tree weaves with a gloomy frown;
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown;
The true we all know that Summer must go;
That the swallow will never stay long in our
cave;

But we'd rather be watching the wild rose bloom,
Than be counting the coloring of Autumn leaves!
Look high, look high, there's the laced-wing fly;
Thinking he's king of a fairy realm.
As he swings with delight on the gossamer tie,
That is linked mid the boughs of the sun-
tipped elm.

Alas! poor thing, the first rustle will bring
The pillars to dust, where your pleasure-
cave was;
And many a spirit like mine will cling
To hopes that depend upon Autumn leaves!
Look low, look low, the night-glow-bow,
And the restless forms in hectic red,
Come whirling and sporting wherever we go,
Lighter in dancing, as nearer the dead:
Oh! who has not seen rare hearts, that have
been
Paled and pining, in garb that deceives,
Dashing gay along in their fluttering shawl,
With despair at the core, like the Autumn leaves!

Look on, look on, the morn breaketh upon
The hedge-row boughs, in their withering
hue;
The distant orchard is sallow and wan,
But the apple and nut gleam richly through.
Oh! well will be if our life, like the tree,
Shall be found, when old time of green beauty
be past.

With the fruit of good works for the Planter
to see
Shining out in Truth's harvest, through Au-
tumn leaves!
Merrily on, as it sings and soars;
The West wind over the land and sea,
Till it plays in the forest and moans and roars,
Seemingly no longer a mischievous breeze!
So music is best, till it meeteth a breeze,
That is probed by the strain, while Memory
grieves.

To think it was sung by a loved one at rest,
Then it comes like the sweet wind in Autumn
leaves!
Not in an hour are leaf and flower
Stricken in freshness, and swept to decay;
By gentle approach, the front and the shower,
Make ready the sap veins for falling away;
And so is Man made to so peacefully fade,
By the tear that he sheds, and the sigh that he
heaves.

For he's loosened from earth by each trial-
cloud's shade,
Till he's willing to go as the Autumn leaves!
Look back, look back, and you'll find the track
Of human hearts down a thicket of oak,
With joy's dead leaves, all dry and black,
And every yearning heart
But the soil is furrowed, where the branches are shed,
For the furrow to bring forth fallow sheaves,
And so is our trust in the Future spread
In the gloom of Mortality's Autumn leaves!

The Truist Friend.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There is a friend, a secret friend,
In every trial, every grief,
To cheer, to counsel, and defend,
Of all we ever had the chief—
A friend, who watches from above,
Where'er in Error's path we tread,
Still sought us with reproving love;
That friend, that secret friend, is God!

There is a friend, a faithful friend,
In every change and change of fate,
Whose boundless love and love we need,
When other friendships come too late!
A friend, that when the world deceives,
And wearily we onward plod,
Still comforts every heart that grieves;
That true, that faithful friend, is God!

How blest the years of life might flow,
In one unbroken, unbroken trust;
If men this truth would only know,
And love his Maker, and be just!
Yet, there's a friend, a constant friend,
Who ne'er forsakes the lowliest soul;
But in each need, His hand doth lend;
That friend, that true friend, is God!

The Religion of Paris.

Speaking of my friend, the Abbe, brings
to mind his character and pursuits.
He used to remind me of that good Abbe of
de France, who advised and consoled with
the widowed mothers, and who figures in a
long black robe, and broad-brimmed hat,
in all the illustrated copies of "Paul and
Virginia." But, my friend did not wear
habitually his Church uniform, for his care
had been a large one in the country, and he
had come like all Frenchmen, to the city
for relief; he has even ventured upon a
nice haunch of mutton with me upon Friday.
For all this, he had far higher respect,
and love for the spirit and observances for
the Religion of the Metropolis, than I ever had
myself.

Religion at Paris, always seemed to me
more of a sentiment than a principle:—that
is to say, their Religion has more the liveli-
ness of a feeling, than the earnestness of an
absorbing duty. Except at times of funeral,
one sees few earnest faces in the Parisian
churches; they, the worshippers, do not
leave wholly their gaiety at the door. They
listen to the prayer and to the discourse, at-
tenuately—rarely can you see more of at-
tention; but it seemed to me always an at-
tention fixed upon the eloquent lapse words,
or some sweet mental image of the Virgin;
an attention made grateful by the presence
of the pictures, and the groined arches over-
head, and the fragrant odors of burning
herbs;—an attention, it may be most de-
vout, with some fancied or real presence of
God in the soul, but very rarely the at-
tention of what Protestants call "a broken
and contrite heart."

No people would be so intolerant of unadorned
churches and poor preaching, as the
Parisians. Nor would they altogether fan-
cy the scolding habit of the Scotch presby-
tery; they mean to be happier after a ser-
vice than before it. Why a man should go
to church to come away sadder, is what they
cannot comprehend. I remember that
Madame de Sevigne, in one of her letters
to her daughter, gives this admirable com-
ment upon one of the sermons of the great
man of her time:

"Il fit le signe de la croix, il dit son texte;
il ne nous granda point; il ne nous dit
point d'injures; il nous pria de ne point
craindre la mort, puis qu'elle était le seul
passage que nous eussions pour ressusciter
avec Jesus Christ.—nous fumes tous con-
tents." Ninon d'Enclos might have heard
the same doctrine, and said as much of it,
and as truthfully. And it is true of a great
many discourses, which have not the redeem-
ing excellences of Bourdaloue.

There is no such thing as Religious big-
otry known at Paris.—this would seem
strange to a man fresh from such pleasant
reading as the Chronicle of St. Bartholo-
mew. St. Germain l'Auxerrois is still stand-
ing, and its tower is still standing, from
which, on that dreadful August night of
1572, went out the first signal for slaugh-
ter;—but at the foot of it now, as you enter
the door, an old man with a gray shock
of hair is standing, and sprinkles Holy water
on you, from his horse-brush. Inno-
cent-looking priests glide up and down upon
the pavement, and the sunlight streams
through the stained windows, and it seemed
to me, as I saw it flickering in rainbow
colors over the gray columns,—a sort of
token, a new "covenant with promise" that
no such Bartholomew slaughter should come
again.

Every man in Paris seems satisfied with

his own Religion, and very careless about
his neighbor's. Every sect follows its pe-
culiar observances without hindrance; nay—
the very church where the most zealous
Calvinists worship, was granted them by the
Government. Scarce is there a Protestant
church in the kingdom but receives some
degree of administrative support. Even the
first man in authority in the realm—M.
Guizot, is a Protestant. And amid all the
hatred to which that minister is subjected,
by his peace policy, one hears no odium
thrown upon his Religious belief.—This is
a thing apart—a thing speculative—a thing
for noble reflections—a thing to lend a lit-
tle mystery to verse—a sublime episode to
life—a thing to render beauty attractive by
adding devotional sentiments—a thing to add
a little grace to companionship, by an
unseen, but fully accredited tie;—little else
of Religion is recognized at Paris.

The Sunday at Paris is richly illustrative
of the Religious tendencies of the people.
It is the festive day of the week.—The au-
thorities give their finest military displays
in the court of the palace;—the fountains
of the gardens play in their best style;—
the shops windows wear their richest appear-
ance;—the theatres show their best pieces;
and the galleries of art are crowded with
their gayest company. Yet it is not forgot-
ten by the Parisians that the day has a sa-
cred purpose. At the morning mass,—at
an hour when many good Protestant peo-
ple are dallying with sleep,—the pavement
of Notre-Dame, and the Madeleine is cov-
ered thick with kneeling worshippers, who
say their beads, and say their prayers with
the earnestness of true devotion.

I have many a time leaned against one of
the beaded columns of the Madeleine, when
the sun was just beginning to throw slanting
rays through the windows of the roof, and
listened meditatively to the broken chan-
tings by the altar, or watched the corners,
as they dipped their fingers in the Holy font,
stepped lightly along the marble floor,
crossing themselves as they passed opposite
the altar, and bowing to the sacred image;
—throwing a single rapid glance over the
kneeling company, then stooping gently till
their knees met the marble pavement, and
began their silent Worship.

Perhaps it would be some poor girl seiz-
ing those early hours, before the employ of
the shop began, and hoping by the favor of
the Virgin, under whose image she prays,
for a happy stroll at evening with her lover,
under the trees of the Champs Elysees.—
Perhaps it is some lady in rich dress, with
gold-clasped service book,—for there is this
Religious beauty in the Catholic Church,
that rank and wealth lose themselves amid
the "crowd of witnesses," and there—the
Countess kneels, with a beggar woman
kneeling beside her—and they beg together
for Grace.

Perhaps it is a gay postillion, in his crim-
son-faced coat, who now comes tripping
along, looking grave, and crossing himself,
and kneeling in a humble place, and gazing
steadfastly upon the image of Christ that
is over the altar. For a little time, his soul
seems absorbed in the view, but now his eyes
wander over the frescoes of the ceiling,
the little bell tinkles—he remembers him-
self, and bows his head. Now he rises
and wanders stealthily to the door,—dips
his hand in the Holy water,—turns his face
to the Virgin,—bows—goes softly out—and
in an hour thereafter, is shouting French
oaths to his horses, on his way to the bor-
ders of France.

Perhaps it is a stout Sergeant-de-ville,
striding about with his clasp-knife under
his arm, that meets your eye. His looks wan-
der over the kneeling forms. He is least
religious of all. If he prays, it is hurriedly,
as if it were not his business, and he kneels,
as if he rarely knelt. The people come
and go, till the sun is fairly up in the
sky, and the crowd disperses.

Sunday is the great day at the Cafe, and
Restaurant; on no other day are their gains
so great. The savings of the week, are lav-
ished upon the indulgences of Sunday.
Whoever dines upon a knuckle other days,
luxuriates in a fricandeau on the *Dimanche*.
Whoever dines at moderate prices the six
days, dines at the *Trois Freres* the seventh;
and who drinks ordinary wine the rest of
the week, on Sunday orders the best.

The garden of the palace is full to over-
flowing;—Versailles is crowded with Pa-
risian company, and the Gallery of the Lou-
vre on no other day is so thronged with
visitors. The stall-men of the Champs Ely-
sees, with their cakes, and games, and
swings, drive their best bargains on Sun-
day. The public balls are fullest—sol-
diers are plentiful along the walks—omni-
buses charge double prices;—and the pub-
lic conscience seems lighter upon Sunday
than any day of the week.

Parisian Religion with all that is good in
it—and its tender, devotional sentiment is
good, and its charity and liberality are good,
has very little about it of that sturdy
self-reliance for "conscience sake," which
makes the Protestant Religionist moral. In-
deed, so much is Religion at Paris a senti-
ment, and so little a principle, that it seems
to add even to profligacy; and the poor girl,
who loses upon that luxuriously rolling
side of Paris life, with eyes tearful before the
Virgin in Notre-Dame—prays for constan-
cy, and would as soon be without her
crucifix, as without her lover.

Of the priesthood, there are without doubt
very many who are vicious, and perhaps as
many—certainly many, who are pure.—
There are, it may be, many worthy, and
well-meaning souls, in valleys of New
England—possibly in other valleys—look-
ing ever on Papacy as a scarlet-clad harlot,
or a spotted beast, who will not accept even
my Protestant testimony, to the fact, that
human sympathies sometimes dwell under a
Papal priest-robe. Yet however sad the
truth may seem—it is even so. Nay—Or-
thodoxy itself, sometimes lifts up its voice
in Papal pulpits at Paris; and I am sure I
have heard as honest doctrine as that of
Massillon, in the discourses of to-day, and
he who looks on Massillon as an unbeliev-
er, has something to unlearn.

But the strong Protestant may find pure
doctrine at Paris, beside such as may be
winnowed from Romish sermons, through
the colander of his prejudices;—in the very
heart of the city, at the Oratoire, may be
heard, every Sunday, the sternest Calvin-
ism. The seats are always full: there are
Swiss faces, and Saxon faces, and not a
few French faces; and the hymns that are
sung so quietly, and yet in so heartfelt a way,
offer grateful contrast to the astounding mu-
sic of the church of St. Eustache.

There is the little chapel of that Church
of England which sends its Chaplains to
every capital of Europe, and which offers

up its prayers for Her Majesty, and the
realm, under every sky, and on every sea.
A bishop reads those prayers at Paris; and
one may listen—an American wanderer
may listen—to good, sweet, home-sounding
English, in performance of those sacred of-
fices, which, if he be of New England edu-
cation, are bound up in some measure with
his being.

Religious truth is not so closely treasured
in the hearts of the Parisian world, as that
its ministers can exercise any considerable
control over the public feeling. Intercourse
between clergy and laity, seemed friendly
and familiar—rarely dictatorial on the one
side, or slavish on the other.

Many a time have I been with the good-
natured Abbe, of whom I have spoken, on his
parochial visits;—for there were some
sheep of his old flock, who had found their
way, like himself, to the Capital.

At the top of five pair of stairs in a dark
street near the Louvre, in a very old hotel,
lived a quiet, deaf man, who had seen the
Swiss guard shot down in the palace balco-
ny, from his own window;—who wore a
grizzled brown wig, and the seams of sixty
years in his cheeks; yet the old gentleman
always bustled about in the liveliest possi-
ble welcome, whenever the Abbe paid him
a visit. A matronly-looking woman, in
spectacles, the mistress of the house, always
arranged a big arm-chair for the Abbe, and
the three friends used to discourse together,
and the tabby cat to purr upon the hearth-
rug for all the world, as if they were true New
England gossips; and just as three old peo-
ple might do, who study Canticale and Cate-
chism, instead of Confessional and Creed.

The old, deaf man, prided himself on
speaking six or seven words of English
very fluently; but whenever I got beyond—
good night, Sir,—or fine day, Sir, his deaf-
ness grew upon him wonderfully.
A letter had come in one evening from a
young English girl, who had been a priv-
ilege of the old man's, who had now
gone back to her home. The Abbe trans-
lated it for him. It was a sweet letter, and
touched the old man's heart, and I shall
never forget the expression, with which,
when the letter was read, he repeated her
names after the Abbe, and said—*cherie fille!*

I did not then know the story of her as-
sociation with the old man, or it would not
have seemed so strange; it was told me af-
terwards, and if I was not writing notes of
travel, I should take the trouble to set it
down.

Cleric was a noble-hearted young fellow;
another friend of the Abbe's, the only son
of a wealthy gentleman, who lived some
three leagues in the country. He was
studying for the priesthood at one of the
Parisian colleges; poor fellow! he never
served his priesthood here.

I had come back from the Auvergne,
full of life, and went through the old cor-
ridor in the Rue de Seine, to see my friend
the Abbe. He opened the door softly, and
wore his priest-tobe, and a solemn look; he
shook my hand warmly, but pointed to a
gray-haired man who was writing in the cor-
ner, and put his finger on his lip.

Who is it? said I.
Cleric's father, said he.
And where is Cleric? said I.
He died last night! and the Abbe put his
finger on his lip, and turned to the old man.
The old man was writing to his wife, tel-
ling the mother how her only boy was dead.
It was hard work to do it. No wonder that
he bit the end of his quill; no wonder that
he pressed his hand hard upon his forehead;
no wonder the Abbe put his finger on his lip.

So, thought I, Death's gripe is very much
the same thing here, that it is everywhere
else; and Religion, whatever it be, and
however it soften, can not take away whol-
ly the edge from human sorrow.

Mais il est heureux! but he is happy;
said the Abbe; *il avait un bon curé*—he
had a good heart.
And so there are a great many good hearts
in Paris, though the Religion, as I said at
the beginning; and the Abbe must pardon
me; always seemed to me more of a senti-
ment, than a principle.—*Fresh Gleanings,*
C.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—It used to
be the fashion to say that English—our own
canting tongue, as a quaint writer
styles it—is an unmusical language;
and even Byron, whose own melodious ver-
ses show the infinite power and variety of
our language, does not, in one of his mo-
ments of impetuous caprice, hesitate to
describe it as

"Our harsh northern, whistling, grunting gut-
tural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and spu-
ter all."

Yet is this most ludicrously untrue. En-
glish is to the full as noble and copious a
tongue as that "miraculous language," the
ancient Greek, and like it the appropriate
vehicle to give forth to an adorning world,
"Man's towering thoughts in lofty language
dressed."

Besides, with the solitary exception of the
Greek, as far as this is beyond all criti-
cism, and compare, it is the most musical of
languages that the children of clay have
ever yet learned to use. That is to say, when
properly and fully pronounced, judi-
ciously read, or wisely and feelingly recited.
But the fact is, not one in every ten thou-
sand—hardly one in every hundred thousand
—know how to read English well, and
to justice in reading or recitation to our
English tongue. Men may learn most
things abroad in schools and colleges; but
he secret is to read English well, the boy
must learn to read at home, under the
guidance of gentle and accomplished parents,
who know how to read themselves, and
have music in their souls. Read well, and
you will disclose passages to the charmed
ear in prose and verse—in Bacon, in Bo-
lingbroke, in Burke, in Shakspeare, in Spen-
cer, in Milton, and in a host of others, the
leaders of our mighty literature,—which are
altogether unequalled in fervor, grace, and
melody, except in Greek.—*Fraser's Maga-*
zine.

PUNCTUATION: It may be proper to state
that the distinguished personage, known
among the ancients by the name of *Cupid*,
has recently changed his name to *Cupidity*,
and will hereafter devote his attention to
matters of money, as well as love affairs.
It may be as well to state that he has ex-
changed his darts for dollars, as he now fuds
the jingle of the latter quite as effectively as
the keenness of the former.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morn-
ing, loses the chief pleasure of the day: he
that gives up his youth to indolence, under-
goes a loss of the same kind.

The vulgar trace your faults; those you
have in common with themselves: but they
have no idea of your excellences, to which
they have no pretensions.

In a heavy oppressive atmosphere, when
the spirits sink too low, the best cordial is
to read over all the letters of one's friends,

BIRDS.
BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.
Joyous and happy creatures—
Roamers of earth and air—
Free children of the woods—
Bright glaucous or the floods,
Your homes are everywhere;
Dear are ye, and familiar to the heart,
Making of nature's loveliest things a part.
Ye rove upon the mountains,
With grand and lonely flight;
Ye are upon the heath,
The dear blue heaven beneath,
Singing in wild delight;
The rock and water, and many a nest,
Amidst the leaves by the lake, doth rest.

Ye skim the restless ocean,
While plumed, like fairy things;
Ye haunt the inland river,
And the sweeping willows quiver
With the rustle of your wings;
Through the dark places your homeward way ye
take,
Or drop to your lone nests in bush or brake.

Ye mourn bringeth gladness—
The first red flush of day,
Breaking your rest, appeals
Unto your hearts—
The sweet song, that lay
Like dreams, within you through the quiet night,
And now bursts freshly forth to hail the light.

Ye slumber with the sunset—
Scarce doth the day wax dim—
Scarce doth the first star glitter,
When from your nests you twitter
Your happy trill hymn:
Like one who, to the woods her lone way wing-
ing,
Fills the deep night with her impassioned sing-
ing.

Solemn are the woods at midnight,
When through the leafy shade,
Scarcely a mousebeam finds
An entrance where the winds
Stir through each green arcade;
But dear to you that safest solitude,
Where on your rest no mortal may intrude.

And joyful is your waking,
Amidst the singing thrush,
In the sweet matin hours,
When afloat the opening flowers;
What want ye then of these?
Ye seek no praise, ye seek no sweetly sound,
As though a word of worshippers stood round.

Ye are the poet's emblem,
So doth his song rush free—
So winged and glad his spirit,
Doth his high gift liberally,
Beneath clear skies, and if they darken, keeping
Song ever in his heart, though it be sleeping.
Sleeping, but not forever,
Still to new life it springs,
When hope's sweet light doth waken,
And cuckoo and four thrushes sing:
Like dew-drops from his wings;
And 'midst the flowers and trees with sunshine
glistening,
He hath his own reward, though none belisten-
ing.

A Woman's Observations in a Crowded Street.

Captain Cuttle, also, as a man of business,
took to keeping books. In these he entered
observations on the weather and on the
currents of the wagons and other vehicles,
which he observed, in that quarter, to set
westward in the morning and during the
greater part of the day, and eastward to-
wards the evening. Two or three stragglers
appearing in one week, who "spoke him,"
so the captain entered it—on the subject
of spectacles, and who, without positively
purchasing, said they would look in again,
the captain decided that the business was
improving, and made an entry in the day-
book to that effect: the wind then blowing
(which he first recorded) pretty fresh, west
and by north; having changed in the night.

AN ARKADIAN HUSBAND: THE FIRST
WIFE AND THE SECOND.—Towards his first
wife Mr. Dombey, in his cold and lofty ar-
rogance, had borne himself like the remon-
dant being he almost conceived himself to be.
He had been "Mr. Dombey" with her when
she first saw him, and he was "Mr. Dombey"
when she died. He had asserted his great-
ness during her whole married life, and she
had meekly recognized it. He had kept his
distant seat of state on the top of his throne,
and she her humble station on its lowest step;
and much good it had done him so to live
in solitary bondage to his own idea. He had
imagined that the proud character of his second wife would have
merged into it, and exalted his greatness. He
had pictured himself haughtier than ever, with
Edith's haughtiness subservient to his. He
had never entertained the possibility of its
arraying itself against him. And now,
when he found it rising in his path at every
step and turn of his daily life, fixing its
cold, defiant, and contemptuous face upon
him, this pride of his, instead of withering
or hanging down its head beneath the shock,
put forth new shoots, became more concen-
trated and intense, more gloomy, sullen,
irksome, and unyielding than it had ever
been before.

Who wears such armour, too, bears with
him ever another heavy retribution. It is
proof against conciliation, love, and confi-
dence; against all gentle sympathy without,
all trust, all tenderness, all soft emotion;
but, to deep stabs in the self-love, it is as
vulnerable as the bare breast to steel; and
such tormenting festerers rankle there as fol-
low on no other wounds, no, though dealt
with the mailed hand of Pride itself, on
weaker pride, disarmed and thrown down.

Such wounds were his. He felt them
sharply in the solitude of his old rooms,
whither he now began often to retire again
and pass long solitary hours. It seemed his
fate to be ever proud and powerful: ever
humbled and powerless where he would be
most strong.

To the moody, stubborn, sullen demon
that possessed him his wife opposed her dif-
ferent pride in its full force. They never
could have led a happy life together; but
nothing could have made it more unhappy
than the willful and determined warfare of
such elements. His pride was set upon
maintaining his magnificent supremacy and
forcing recognition of it from her. She
would have been racked to death and have
turned but her haughty glance of calm in-
flexible disdain upon him to the last. Such
recognition from Edith! He little knew
through what a storm and struggle she had
been driven onward to the crowning hour
of his hand. He little knew how much she
thought she had conceded when she suf-
fered him to call her wife.

A DEATH AND A BURIAL.—A shadow
even on that shadowed face, a sharpening
even of the sharpened features, and a thick-
ening of the veil before the eyes into a pall
that shuts out the dim world, is come. Her
wandering hands upon the coverlet join
feebly palm to palm, and move towards her
daughter; and a voice—not like hers, but
like any voice that speaks our mortal lan-
guage—says, "For I nursed you!"
Edith, without a tear, kneels down to
bring her voice closer to the sinking head,
and answers:
"Mother, can you hear me?"
Staring wide she strives to nod in an-
swer.
"Can you recollect the night before I
married?"
The head is motionless, but it expresses
somehow that she does.
"I told you then that I forgave your part
in it, and prayed God to forgive my own.
I told you that the past was at an end be-
tween us. I say so now, again. Kiss me,
mother."

A country surgeon, who was bald, was on
a visit at a friend's house, whose servant
wore a wig. After bantering him a con-
siderable time, the doctor said, "You see
how bald I am, and yet I don't wear a wig."
To which the servant replied, "True, sir;
but to empty a brain requires no that."

Defence is the most complicated, the
most indirect, and the most elegant of all
compliments.

Edith touches the white lips, and for a
moment all is still. A moment afterwards
her mother, with her girlish laugh and the
skeleton of the Cleopatra manner, rises in
her bed.

Draw the rose-colored curtains. There
is something else upon its flight beside the
wind and clouds. Draw the rose-colored
curtains close!

Intelligence of the event is sent to Mr.
Dombey in town, who waits upon Cousin
Feenix, (not yet able to make up his mind
for Baden-Baden,) who has just received it
too. A good-natured creature like Cousin
Feenix is the very man for a marriage or a
funeral, and his position in the family ren-
ders it right that he should be consulted.

"Dombey," says Cousin Feenix "upon
my soul, I am very much shocked to see
you on such a melancholy occasion. My
poor aunt! She was a devilish lively wo-
man."

"Mr. Dombey replies, 'Very much so.'
"And made up," says Cousin Feenix,
really young, you know, considering. I am
sure, on the day of your marriage, I thought
she was good for another twenty years. In
point of fact, I said so to a man at Brooks's
—little Billy Joper—you know him, no
doubt—man with a glass in his eye?"
Mr. Dombey bows a negative.

"In reference to the obsequies," he hints, "wheth-
er there is any suggestion—
"Well, upon my life," says Cousin Feen-
ix, stroking his chin, which he had just
enough hand below his wristbands to do;
"I really don't know. There's a mauve-
lous un down at my place in the park, but I'm
afraid it's in bad repair, and, in point of
fact, in a devil of a state. But for being a
little out at elbows I should have had it put
to rights; but I believe the people come
and make picnic parties there inside the
railings."

There's an uncommon good church in the
village," says Cousin Feenix, thoughtfully;
"pure specimen of the Anglo-Norman style,
and admirably well sketched too by Lady
Jane Finchbury—woman with tight stays;
but they've spoilt it with whitewash, I un-
derstand, and it's a long journey."

"Perhaps Brighton itself," Mr. Dombey
suggests.
"Upon my honor, Dombey, I don't think
we could do better," says Cousin Feenix.
"It's on the spot, you see, and a very cheer-
ful place."

"And when?" hints Mr. Dombey, "would
it be convenient?"
"I shall make a point," says Cousin Feen-
ix, "of pledging myself for any day you
think best. I shall have great pleasure
(melancholy pleasure, of course) in follow-
ing my dear aunt to the confines of the—
in point of fact, to the grave," says Cousin
Feenix, failing in the other turn of speech.
"Would Monday do for leaving town?"
says Mr. Dombey.

"Monday would suit me to perfection,"
replies Cousin Feenix. Therefore Mr.
Dombey arranges to take Cousin Feenix
down on that day, and presently takes his
leave, attended to the stairs by Cousin Feen-
ix, who says, at parting, "I'm really ex-
ceedingly sorry, Dombey, that you should
have so much trouble about it;" to which
Mr. Dombey answers, "Not at all."

At the appointed time Cousin Feenix and
Mr. Dombey meet and go down to Brighton,
and representing, in their two selves, all the
other mourners for the deceased lady's loss,
attended her remains to their place of rest.
Cousin Feenix, sitting in the mourning
coach, recognizes innumerable acquaintances
on the road, but takes no other notice of
them, in decorum, than checking them off
aloud, as they go by, for Mr. Dombey's in-
formation, as "Tom Johnson. Man with
cork leg, from White's. What are you
here, Tommy? Foley on a blood mare.
The Smulder girls"—and so forth. At the
ceremony Cousin Feenix is depressed, ob-
serving that these are the occasions to make
a man think, in point of fact, that he is get-
ting shaky; and his eyes are really moist-
ened, when it is over. But he soon recovers;
and so do the rest of Mrs. Skewton's
relatives and friends.—*Dickens's Dombey*
and Son, for October.

BULGARIAN LADIES.—We were much
startled in the course of the morning by the
most terrific screams, which were suddenly
heard to issue from the cabin, and made us
all fly to the rescue under the belief that the
Bulgarian ladies had somehow sustained
some frightful injury; but we found that the
whole disturbance had been produced by the
entrance of a waiter amongst them when they
were all unveiled; and when he was
questioned as to the cause of his intrusion,
the origin of this tremendous uproar proved
to have been rather amusing. They had
turned the cock which let off the water, and
had seemingly been much amused at seeing
it flow in consequence; so much so, that they
let it run till it had positively flooded the
whole cabin, and the streams of water, the
passing under the door had shown the waiter
in the passage what was going on. He
called, shouted, and remonstrated in vain
from the outside, and finally, in despair,
had burst in upon them to rectify their im-
prudence. I paid these poor women a vis-
it this morning, and I was much struck,
amidst all the untutored savageness of their
nature, with the refinement of tenderness
which they displayed towards their chil-
dren; but this, indeed, is the only channel
in which all the deepest and purest feelings
of human nature can flow for them. They
are prisoners